

# New Haven Register

## 'Lighthouse' shines reflective light on Trinity audience

By Diana Scott

HARTFORD — This past weekend, Connecticut choreographer Judy Dworin presented a boldly innovative, new full-length dance piece called "Lighthouse" at Trinity College's Austin Arts Center.

This was dance-theater at its best: poetically resonant, visually dynamic drama about constancy amid change, in which movement, sound, light and spoken text reinforced each other, integrating meaning and emotion. Dworin's command of all elements, combined with a wonderful freedom and simplicity, infused this seven-

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person performance with a lingering power.

A splendid ribbon of text — freshly delivered by actors Judson Camp and Elena Nicholas — formed the introspective narrative, which Dworin pieced together from diaries of lighthouse-keepers, her own writings and the work of well-known poets and authors.

Reversing conventional seating arrangements, the audience was led through a side entrance to rows of seats on a darkened stage; gradually, as two lanterns were lit, they could see long shadows cast across

empty, wave-like rows of upholstered seats, where dancers also moved, beyond a separating black apron of stage-as-beach.

"Do you see the light?" a voice called from above; another responded affirmatively. "Do you see me?" "Do you see my hands?" "Can you touch me?" All responded affirmatively. A rhythm of sound-sight-feeling was established, as regular as breathing, as intimate as touch, as universal as the fear of darkness, as incessant as the ocean.

Deeply affecting was dancer Allison Friday recalling "one who came and departed last night,"

amid moonbeams, her movement clean, strong, passionate and vulnerable. Ensemble dancers — Cathy Biro, Sally Bomer, Eric Hess and Andrew Marcus — cast and drew their nets. Later, their sedentary poses and averted gazes conveyed the self-isolating violence of anger about to explode.

Lighting by Blu — a harsh, swinging arc of an exposed light-bulb garishly illuminated faces in a room whose walls closed in — sustained the illusion.

A score by composer Andre Gribou evoked the solitary natural and human landscape with sounds of fog horns, buoys, melancholy jazz riffs, thrashing surf and metal scraping metal.

Diana Scott reviews dance for the New Haven Register.

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